The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going,—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,—
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

The test of our real age comes when the possibilities of the future are presented to our view. If we have no interest in the future of industry, art, science, literature, civilization, or religion, we are already antiquated, though the bloom of youth be upon us. If we have no hope left for better things, we are fossils, although "alive" and may still be young in years. The secret of the spirit of youth is to let the surprising outlook towards the future of human life and progress so attract and charm us that we long to have a part in it. Whether we are old or young in spirit is revealed by the kind of answer we give to the call to *be* and to *do*. "I wish I could, but I can't," says the old, although still in the bloom of physical youth. "I can and I will," is the ready response of the young in heart and youthful in spirit.

"Are there, then," it is often asked, "no illusions? Is not the art of education itself a process of getting rid of these? Is not man's average career a series of disillusionments? For when one has reached or passed middle life one finds that the dreams of one's youth are now revealed to have been nothing *but* dreams, and that, on the whole, life has been a disappointment. Hence enthusiasm is but a sign of ignorance, while it is wisdom to reduce one's expectations to what one can really accomplish!" This may be sound philosophy, as philosophies go; yet experience bears abundant evidence that they who adopt it and consistently act upon it never accomplish anything.

As for the disillusionments that we hear about, our reading of life's riddle indicates that the only thing they prove is that one has not kept the spirit of one's youth, not renewed one's ideal, clinging

to the vestige of a dream after having outgrown it. They who have striven to be alert as the eagle; who for new occasions have cherished new hopes; who for new times have taken on new duties; who have changed with changing conditions, living in the Present rather than seeking their ideal in the Past—these have not found life to be merely a series of disillusionments, but a scene of activity in which one beautiful picture is ever followed by another still more attractive, in which one noble duty is succeeded by another still more inspiriting.

A disillusionment is an experience in which one begins with something in sight that is pleasing and inviting, and yet, as one advances towards it, is transformed into something different and unpleasant. It is a common experience; but it is not necessary that it should in any case be the final experience. The real life, the advancing, growing, youthful life, has not one dream only, but hundreds; not one hope only, but successive waves of hope. Perpetual youth means perpetual hope; and the hopeful life is the life of health. Doubt and despair are deathly. Therefore, He who gave us the gift of life has made the current of that life full of glad expectations—a ceaseless flow of events to excite us to activity. He has sent the changing seasons, youth and age, work and play, nature and art, literature and poetry and music, human love and the joy of family and friends—these and other things innumerable to occupy mind, soul, and heart. Still to these earthly hopes is added another and a better hope, of which the voice of the highest and best Religion speaks, filling the soul with present Immortality. If we have disillusionments, we do well to keep them to ourselves; to advertise them is to confess that we have not renewed as we might have done the expectations of our youth. Human minds, like gardens, need constant attention and renewal, that the good may be increased and the evil eliminated.

Always, in everything, there are two worlds; and there are always, everywhere, two classes of people who differ in outlook according to the world in which they live. They tell the truth who say, "This is an old, worn-out, weary, wicked world." They also state a fact who declare, "This is a young, beautiful, growing, attractive, active world, full of great possibilities, and its best days are yet to come!" They who see only the ugly things in the universe generally forget the existence of these two worlds—one of the living, the other of the dead. The processes of living and dying go on together, and we can choose which shall occupy most of our thoughts. Shall it be the shortening day, the lengthening night; the fading flower and the falling leaf? Or shall it be the abundant life when Nature is already packing away to burst forth next spring, to enrich next year's harvest? Both are here; and the whole outlook and atmosphere of our minds are determined by the view we take and the facts we put in the foreground of our meditation. If the young, beautiful, good, growing world were a much smaller fact in the universe than it is, it were the part of wisdom to search for it, and there would be more eagerness to find it. Where we now blunder is to over-advertise the old, bad, ugly, wicked, dying world, and insist that it is the only world there is.

It is he who serves his generation best who makes flowers to bloom and fruit to ripen, increasing the store of wholesome food both for mind and body. The weeds die out where the grain grows, and the cultivation of useful things is fatal to poisonous plants. A full crop of corn will kill more noxious weeds than may a thousand men. The secret of perpetual youth is to associate with the living rather than with the dead. If we would help on the good and destroy the evil around us, we must make the good to abound that the evil may perish, like weeds in the fruitful gardens. If we would keep the sunny temper of hopeful youth, we must cultivate the cheerful outlook of serene expectation, knowing that though death abounds, life is strong; where the sense of evil is present, virtue must flourish.—*The Christian Life.*

THE STILL HOUR.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus at each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes arise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on, another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
And the Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be that He keeps waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And sweetly hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

And so I go on, not knowing;
I would not know if I might.
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose.
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word,—*He knows!*
—*Selected.*

As to every leaf and flower there is an ideal, to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so there is an ideal to every human being,—a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point. Once in an age God sends to us a friend who, looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature. Such friends seem inspired by a divine gift of prophecy. Could a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection-form of the friends with whom we daily walk, we should follow them with faith and reverence through all the disguises of human faults and weakness, "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."—*H. B. Stowe.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right; give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven, and its God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly care or sin?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there must be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day!
—*Mrs. Rundle Charles.*

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—*Isaiah.*

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for looks of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!
—*The British Weekly.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mrs. J. R. Newberry has removed to Keystone, Nebraska.

The postmaster at Springfield, Mass., notifies us that Miss Sophia W. Howard of 44 School Street has died. Some one is mailing *The Cheerful Letter* to that address.

OFFERS.

For the following books apply to Mrs. Harriet T. Boyd, 17 Marsh Street, Dedham, Mass.: Shakespeare's Works, one-volume edition; Lives of Mary and Martha Washington; "The Count of Monte-Cristo," Dumas; "With Fire and Sword," Sienkiewicz; "Ninety-three," Victor Hugo.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge 40, Mass. Geographies; Books on Botany for Children; Dictionaries; Books of Poems; L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas, Milton; "The Snow Image and Other Tales," Hawthorne; History of Greece, Sewall; History of Rome, Leighton; "The League of Nations," Kallen; "Longfellow, a Sketch of his Life," Charles Eliot Norton; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow; "The Prisoner of Chillon," Lord Byron; "Great American Educators," A. E. Winship; "Passaconaway in the White Mountains," Beals; Shakespeare's Sonnets.

The following books are offered through Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey; "Across the Plains"; "Pax Vobiscum"; "A Christmas Sermon"; "Dere Mable"; "The New Warden"; "The Lane that had no Turning"; "The Deerslayer"; "Traveling Companions"; "Sonia Kovalkosky"; "The Revelation"; "Good Indians"; "Biography of a Prairie Girl"; "Heine"; "The Four Men"; "London Lavendar"; "Mr. Ingleside"; "The Ring and the Book," R. B. Browning; "Clouds and Silver"; "Walking-Stick Papers"; "Mary Magdalene"; "The Feast of St. Friend"; "A Christmas Carol"; "The Romance of Arlington House"; "Queen Hortense"; "Affinities and Other Stories"; "An Egyptian Princess"; "Germany and England"; "Where the Money Goes"; "The Useful Life"; "Margaret Preston's Life and Letters"; "All and Sundry"; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Maclaren; "The Heart of Life"; "Hood's Works"; "A Humble Romance," Wilkins; "The Story of Siegfried"; "One Upward Look Each Day"; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; "A Literary Courtship"; "Montresor"; "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"; "Endymion"; "Charcoal Drawing"; "The Black Phalanx"; "Daily Strength for Daily Needs"; "Golden-Haired"; "Herald Sermons"; "The Spell of the Yukon"; "A Short History of Unitarianism"; "The Turn of the Road"; "The Bible Rule of Life"; "Congregational Worship"; "Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley"; "Lucile," Owen Meredith; "Garden Mosaics"; "Sea Tales"; "Stories," Wilkins; "The New Republic"; "What will He Do with It?" Reade; "The Pearl of Orr's Island," Stowe; "Sonia"; "Red Friday"; "Beside Still Waters"; "Pierre Tuiton."

Apply also to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey, for any of the following magazines: *Century*, January to September, 1920. *Scribner's*, January to November, 1920, with the exception of May and October. *Atlantic*, March, September, October, November, and December, 1918; January to December, excepting July, 1919; also October, November, and December, 1919; January to November, 1920; also April to July, 1920. *McClure's*, February, 1900; May, June, October, 1906; March, May, June, July, September, November, December, 1908; January, February and April, 1909; February, March, April, May, 1910. Twenty-five different numbers of *Bird Lore*.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 49, thanks every one who has sent her reading. She asks for any books by Eleanor Porter and story-books for twelve-year-old girl.

2. Mrs. Lavina Allen, Albemarle, North Carolina, Box 395, will enjoy papers and books.

3. Mrs. R. A. Baird, Lenoir, North Carolina, Route 3, will be so glad to receive magazines with good stories; also pictures and books for the children, aged nine, seven, five, and ten years.

4. Mrs. Maud Wright, Peachland, North Carolina, Route 1, is very lonely and will appreciate any stories for herself and picture-books for her small children.

5. Miss Verona Sheppard, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2, living on a farm, mother in very bad health and father a cripple, will be glad of light reading and cards for her four little sisters.

6. Here I come again with loving greetings to thank the dear friends who have kindly remembered me in the past. My rheumatism doesn't get any better and the cold winter is here and I can't get out much and will be so lonely. I should be very glad of some patchwork of any kind if it is domestic, to pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Mary J. Holl, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

7. *Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Needlecraft,* or any magazine on crocheting will be thankfully received by Obers Nelson, Danbury, North Carolina, a miss of fourteen.

8. I should be glad to have my name given to *The Cheerful Letter,* as I should like to receive good books, magazines, or have some correspondent. I am now employed working in a small mill office, but my salary is rather small. I am twenty-one years of age and my address is Albemarle, North Carolina. Mother's address is Mrs. Joanna Crook, Richfield, North Carolina, Route 2. My name is Miss Effie Crook.

9. I wish to thank all the Cheerful Letter friends for what they have sent me. I have received some books and magazines and some scraps for patchwork and I appreciate them very much. I still wish to be remembered. Wishing the Club great blessing, I am (Miss) Ida Johnson, Rose Hill, North Carolina, R. F. D.

10. Mrs. Mary Witt, Epperson, Tennessee, living in the mountains of Tennessee, will appreciate any good reading for herself and husband; also picture-books for her four-year-old boy.

11. Miss Bertha Hedge, Englewood, Tennessee, will appreciate any books of Harold Bell Wright; also any book of instruction on knitting and crocheting.

12. Mrs. J. E. Coffey, Sandidges, Virginia, will appreciate some good reading for her two eldest boys, seventeen and thirteen, and some story-books and cards for her youngest; he is seven. She would also be thankful for a cook-book, a handbook of knitting and some pictures for herself, and some silk and cotton pieces for patchwork, as she hasn't asked for anything for a long time. She wishes to thank the sender of *The Cheerful Letter,* that has been sent her so long.

13. Mrs. G. R. Cooper, Garrisonville, Virginia, wants her friends to know that she has fully appreciated their kindness, and will still be glad to get books or papers for herself and children.

14. I have heard of your good work and I should love to know if you sisters would mind having a lonely country girl join your happy circle. I think the Cheerful Letter club must be a wonderful work and such a comfort to country people like myself. I should like very much to have the club send me books and magazines; also patchwork pieces to help while away the long winter days. I give as reference our pastor, Rev. R. P. Ellington, Pleasant View, Virginia. Miss Annie L. Wood, Snowden, Virginia.

15. I wish to thank all my good Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in sending me books and other reading for myself and children. Grace sends many thanks to all who have sent her doll pieces. We hope our good friends will remember us in the future. Mrs. J. A. Drumheller, Forks of Buffalo, Virginia.

16. I am a girl of nineteen and I live in a very lonely place. I should be very glad if some one would send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Youth's Companion.* I have seen several copies of *The Cheerful Letter* and should be very glad to get that also. I should appreciate any good story-books, as I am fond of reading. I have four sisters and one brother. Miss Verna Thornton, Pera, Virginia.

17. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, R. D. 1, will be glad of papers and magazines.

18. I have received several packages of reading and quilt scraps from Cheerful Letter friends and they have been a great help. I am writing to have published the change in my address. My town is now Keystone, Nebraska. I should like to thank every one through *The Cheerful Letter* for reading received, as I have lost some addresses. Mrs. J. R. Newberry, Keystone, Nebraska.

19. I should like very much to receive gingham, calico, or silk scraps for patchwork, as I am very much interested in this work. For reference write Rev. C. R. Livits of North Platte, Nebraska. Mrs. Ray Payne, Keystone, Nebraska.

20. I have just learned of your Book and Magazine Club through a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*. I should be glad to receive any kind of books, papers, and magazines and any reading matter in general, and will pass them on to neighbors. Shall also be grateful for post-cards and pictures. Miss A. Waith, Point Fortin, Trinidad, B.W.I.

21. I wish to thank those who have so kindly remembered me with reading matter. I would like to write to each one, but have lost the addresses. I hope I shall hear from them in the future. Ellen Hanson, De Young, Pennsylvania.

22. I wish to thank the friends for the literature sent me the past year, and I hope to be remembered again. Mrs. R. D. Gillespie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TAKING THE BLAME.

The following article states admirably a commonly met fault in home training, but it does not offer any suggestions about ways of handling it so as to prevent children from getting fixed habits of self-excuse.

Cannot some of the readers of this paper, who have had experience along the line in question, tell us how the difficulty may be met in the home?—EDITOR.

"Sister was standing there by the table looking at me, and she made me drop my glass! She's always making me do something like that!" sputters big brother, who is a high-strung, excitable boy of seven.

"Did sister touch you or touch the glass?" mother asked gently.

"No; but if she hadn't been there I shouldn't have done it!"

It has always been so—some one else makes big brother disobey, makes him forget to carry out an order, gets him into accidents and brings mishaps upon him. What would his mother not give to hear him once say, "There, that was careless of me! I won't do it again," or, if he would only say, when he cannot find his cap, "I don't know where I put it," instead of saying, "Some one has taken my cap!" Small wonder the mother watches her son with distressed eyes when he throws himself on the floor in a paroxysm of rage because, "These scissors aren't any good; they don't cut right, and they've made me spoil my picture!"

There is a natural human instinct to shield one's self, to retreat behind an excuse, to offer extenuating circumstances. Who was ever late at an appointment without having spent the last minute of frantic rushing toward it in framing the exact apologetic greeting? "The clock was slow," "The plumber kept me," "The telephone rang, and I missed my train"; and how seldom does any one say, "I failed to allow sufficient time for emergencies!"

A certain young man has clouded his whole life by his stubborn refusal to take blame when he deserves it. He is morally clean, a churchgoer and self-supporting. Living at home he paid board enough to cover the cash cost of his food, but not a cent more. He did not spend an hour of time in helping about the house; but because he paid his board he felt entitled to do as he pleased—to give orders, to keep what hours he chose, to inconvenience every one without apology or excuse.

As a boy he had refused to mix in sports and games with other boys, except on terms of favoritism to himself. He refused to "play the game." The result was that he grew up without friends, a brooding hermit, lonely and bitter. He saw offence where none was intended and never made a concession or did a kindness.

In business his experience was what might have been expected from his character. He tried and abandoned one position after another. The change was always the employer's fault, or the disagreeable nature of the work, or the long hours, or the low pay.

Is there anything more exasperating than the servant who will not admit that she has broken a dish, or a clerk who is afraid to confess that he made a mistake, a husband who hates to own up to an error of judgment, a wife who will weep but never give in, a father who will disinherit a child rather than admit that he himself was in the wrong? All of them were once children, and there was something the matter with the way they were trained. —*The Youth's Companion.*

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

When we voted in November we naturally differed in our judgment as to the best choice of a President. Some of us

were disappointed in the result of the election. But a really first-rate American citizen is "a good loser"; he accepts the situation as it is and makes up his mind to do everything in his power toward keeping our loyalty *united*. One of the things that emphatically show the healthy, right-minded character of our people is the cordial way in which leading newspapers of the party that had opposed Senator Harding as a candidate are now cordially promising him that we will heartily pull together in our efforts after "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just."

It is interesting to know what sort of man our next president is. His home, in an Ohio town, is a place small enough for people to know each other well; and the estimate of a man's neighbors is worth considering. One of our leading magazines publishes the following account of our coming leader.

Happy is the man who is liked by his neighbors. Everybody in Marion seems to like "Uncle Warren." I tried to learn what it was that particularly impressed these men and women. Topping all seemed to be this,—that he is pre-eminently a kindly man. His estimable father, Dr. Harding, in one of his many non-pay calls upon his poorer patients, found a worthy woman who, because of misfortune to her son, her sole dependence, was in want of food. Meeting his own son he told of the woman's plight. The young man retraced his steps, and soon a large basket laden with food and comforts to last a week was brought to the door of the distressed woman. Wise provision was made that she should never be in extreme want again, and no one but father and son knew from whom the succor came. On another occasion the Senator learned of a young man of good character and exceptional talents, who was too poor to acquire a much-needed education; in some undisclosed way the youth was sent to college with all expenses paid. It was years after his graduation and his entry upon a successful career when by the merest chance he learned who his benefactor was.

Martin Miller, the oldest printer in Marion, who taught Harding how to set type, told stories of the same tenor. "It wasn't for political effect," he explained; "most of these things happened more than thirty years ago, when Senator Harding had no thought of going into politics." Upon every side it was impressed upon me that Warren Harding was a man who would scorn to reap political or other advantage by misrepresentation. Equally general is the belief in Marion that he is a man who can be fair to his worst and most unfair foe, and that he is, above all else, a man of serious and high-minded purpose, of unyielding devotion to any great cause which he may espouse, unusual patience, deliberation to the point of appearing to be slow; but one who by that very deliberation sees unerringly and far ahead. "He's sure-footed," they said.

Withal he is possessed of a saving sense of humor. At one place during the campaign he answered questions until they became irrelevant, whereupon he said, "As a boy, I like to listen to the wisdom of the town blacksmith, and often brushed the flies from the horses he was shoeing as I asked him many questions, until one day he said to me, "Warren, I would like to answer your questions if you didn't ask so many that have no sense in them!"

In my native village in Illinois I heard Lincoln in one of his great replies to Douglas in 1858. Since then I have been a student of Abraham Lincoln. Against all preconception I am compelled to say that the qualities of Warren Harding upon which his neighbors lay the most stress are the same as the human qualities which the world ascribes to the kindly, honest, fair-minded, patient, far-seeing, often humorous Abraham Lincoln.

Harding is deeply religious. So was Lincoln, though Lincoln belonged to no church. Harding's response to the question if he was not jubilant over the completeness of his triumph was, "I feel more given to prayerfulness, that I may have strength to meet the heavy responsibilities that will be laid upon me."

Like Lincoln, he is a good mixer with men. "He is the most uncommon *common* man I ever knew" was one of the descriptions of him that I heard. He will play golf with a visiting Senator or some prince of finance or industry in the afternoon, and as likely as not in the evening will say to some carpenter or typesetter, "Jim, what do you say to a game?" "He is an uncommon good listener," said his pastor. That, again, is like Lincoln.

Not a Sunday passed in the last fifteen years of his mother's life when he did not visit her, with a bunch of her favorite flowers. Of her he said, "The best proof I know of the truth of the Christian religion is found in my mother's life."—*Samuel Colcord in The Outlook.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

Notice how the beautifully measured lines of this famous poem suggest by their own accents the sound of the hoofs of galloping horses. Even while the feeling of the story-teller changes from cool observation of the country to sudden dismay as his friends' horses give out, then to desperate anxiety about his errand and frantic appeal to his own faithful horse,—all this time the sound of the galloping keeps on and on and on, till the end is reached. Read it over and over several times, until you get completely into the spirit of the story; then read it aloud and let somebody else enjoy it with you.—EDITOR.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three.
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed," echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest;
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in the saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check strap, chained slacker the bit,—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moon-set at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear.
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime;—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Arschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirk groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix!"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky.
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright, stubble-like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck-and-croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,—
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung,—any noise bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

—*Robert Browning.*

A GREAT AMERICAN'S WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Every strong man who has deep convictions and an energetic way of putting them into action comes now and then into conflict with other people. He here and there meets disagreement and disapproval. This has been true of every really great man in history. It was true of Theodore Roosevelt. But, as time goes on, it seems more and more likely that Roosevelt's name will live on in future years as one of the greatest men of our part of the world. These words of his are part of an informal talk he gave, during his Presidency, to the boys and girls of a country boarding-school in his own mother's native State—Georgia.

My friends, I am going to do to you what I do not think that I have ever done for any other audience, and that is to speak a little about myself personally. In so far as I have been a success, it has been absolutely, solely, through doing the ordinary things that any man could do. . . . It is often . . . stated, as a matter of complaint, that I preach what is commonplace and humdrum. I do—and so I intend to do! Honesty, courage, decency, tenderness, and force combined,—they are all commonplace virtues, but they are essential virtues. They are the main things that I want to see developed in the American man and the American woman and therefore in the American boy and the American girl. I never got anything in my life by an unusual display of genius, or even by an unusual display of talent. Whatever I got has always come through doing a number of things just as hard as I know how,—each of them perfectly ordinary things, but ordinary things that ordinary people do not do, or at least did not do to the extent that was necessary in order to make a great success through doing them. Now the longer I live, the less difference it makes in my mind what position the man holds, so long as he does his duty in that position in the highest possible way.

If the effort of this school were to train you away from the farm and merely to give you higher tastes without the additional ability to gratify them by your own efforts and so to lead more useful lives,—if that was the purpose or the effect of the teaching in this school, I would have nothing to do with it. This school trains the boy to go back to the farm and to do his part in making farming a skilled profession, making it a profession like the law, like any other profession. It trains the girl so that she can go back to the farm and, as wife and mother, do her part—and it is a part even greater than the man's—in elevating the home.

That is something I want you to think of. I want you to go away from this school feeling the pride,—those of you who go back to live on the farm,—feeling the pride that you ought to feel in following the profession which stands at the base of the welfare of our whole land. We can get along in this country more or less well without almost every other type of man, but the one man whom we cannot get along without is the farmer. I regard this school as one of the influences which are going to place the career of the farmer on a higher standard of dignity, of usefulness, and of reward. If a farmer is an ignoramus, if the average farmer is utterly ignorant, of course the profession will be looked down upon; but you boys who come here and who go away have nothing to fear in comparison with the men in other professions. But more than that; you are trained, not merely in the ordinary literary exercises, but you are trained in the handicrafts, so that when you go back you will have the ability to put the farm on a better paying basis and to make the farm house an attractive place in which men and women can live and bring up their children.

This school is specially designed to give you a training that will enable you to help yourselves. Remember that each man has got to lift himself. Until a man can lift himself, he cannot lift any one else. If there is a being more utterly contemptible than another, it is the shiftless creature who has a taste for corn whiskey and tobacco and who spends his time at the crossroads store saying how he is going to have passed some governmental scheme for helping everybody, while he himself can live his miserable life only because his wife takes in washing.

Your first duty is to handle yourselves so that you can afford to marry and that you can keep your wife and children decently and as they ought to be kept. A woman's first duty is to be able to do her part, to take care of the household, see that it shall be a fairly attractive home, a home that will keep the husband there instead of tending to drive him somewhere else, and that will give decent surroundings in which the children can be brought up. That is the fact, but that is not all. That is the industrial side of the school. You must have the Christian side in addition. In addition to helping yourselves you must steadily try to help others.

The great growth, the real growth, in modern Christian civilization has been the growth of the type of man who is both a strong man and a good man. As civilization grows, more and more people understand that strength can go and ought to go with decency, with honesty, with respect for the rights of others. I want to see you able to hold your own, and I want at the same time to see you scorn to do wrong to any one else. Pay heed to your rights. Do not allow people to impose upon you. Do not submit to bullying. But pay even greater heed to your duties. Not only be as scrupulous of the rights of others as of your own, but a little more scrupulous of the rights of others than of your own. Begin close at home. Begin by thinking of the rights of your mother, your sister, your wife. That is the most important place to begin, right in your own home. No man is a good citizen if when he is away from home there is a general breath of relief from the rest of the family. Handle yourselves so that when you come back to your home there will be joy and not anxiety. Then handle yourselves so that you do your full duty by your neighbor, the next man. Show yourselves the kind of men whom your neighbor likes to deal with, likes to work for, or to have work for him, or likes to work alongside of. Show yourselves good citizens in all those ways, and then finally, my friends, show your good citizenship in other ways still. It is your duty to help set a standard for others. Take it in politics. You make it felt, by your example and by your precept, that the man who takes a bribe to cast his vote in any given way, and the man who gives a bribe, are creatures to be scorned; they should be hunted out of American social and political life. We can afford to differ politically among ourselves, to have different convictions; we cannot afford to differ on the question of honesty in public life and in private life alike.—*The Red Cross Magazine.*

ONE DOG'S RECORD.

Twenty-five years ago a veterinary surgeon in New York City saw the need of some suitable and orderly place where the bodies of pet animals might be laid away with the affectionate care that one loves to give to a faithful horse or dog. As a result of his interest, there is now a special piece of ground set apart for this purpose.

The most remarkable of the many inscriptions above the graves of these various dumb friends is this record of the actual deeds of a Yorkshire terrier:—

"Who's Who and Why.

Terrier Fido Junior,
Son of Rover Terrier and Woofie of Yorkshire.
Born September 1, 1912,
In Squire McCormack's Hay Barn.
1914—1915,
Slew 34 woodchucks and 17 rats.
March 6, 1915,
Moved to city and gained blue ribbon at Dog Show.
July 7, 1915,
Rescued child from drowning in Park Lake.
August 28, 1915,
Gave chase and cornered kidnapper in park.
November 6, 1915,
Tore seat from trespassing hobo's trousers.
Night of June 23, 1916,
Discovered fire in basement of Old Folks' Home and roused janitor.
Night of January 7, 1917,
Hung on to notorious second-story man until master could cover him with revolver.
June 9, 1917,
Rescued Italian baby from burning tenement.
July 24, 1917,
Led searchers of outing party to children lost in heart of woods.
October 5, 1917,
Joined Red Cross for War Relief Service in France.
April 18, 1918,
Killed in act of succoring wounded Americans."

—*Four Footed Friends.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a eparate slip of paper.]

I.

BURIED STATES AND CITIES.

1. A dog that is mad is one of the most terrifying sights there is.
2. We never knew—have no way of ever finding out either.
3. Obadiah always said he knew Arkansas was a great State.
4. When Ezekiah shouted, "Oh!" I overheard the parrot mimic him.
5. He answered quick as a flash, "Evil let us never do, as the wrong we must eschew."

—*Contributed.*

II.

A DUODENARY.

In each of the sentences is concealed the name of a celebrated poet:—

1. The scarab urns of the Egyptians are at least bizarre.
2. As we gazed, horror-struck, Maguire's cot tottered, then fell.
3. What a dasher, Bert! Throw the thing away.
4. A strong will is both fortunate and unfortunate.
5. Said the Ash, "The Aspens erred; the Abele was moaning.
6. "Too-whit!" exclaimed the owlets.

—*Exchange.*

III.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden?
2. What did Cæsar die of?
3. I went out one day to take a walk, and met three beggars: to one I gave ten cents; to the second I also gave ten cents; and to the third I gave but five. What time of day was it, by the amount I gave away?

—*Selected.*

IV.

A DIAMOND.

1. In crochet.
2. An enemy.
3. A musical instrument.
4. A dandy place to spend your vacation.
5. An old word meaning to addle or earn.
6. Short for "before."
7. In charity.

—*Selected.*

V.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To one-sixth of Hudson, add one-fourth of Siam, one-fifth of Spain, one-eighth of Portland, one-fourth of York, one-fourth of Nice, one-fifth of Keene, one-third of war, one-eighth of Yarmouth, one-fourth of Erie, one-ninth of Cambridge, one-fifth of Paris, and make a greeting.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. CHANGEABLE COLORS: 1. Black, slack, clack. 2. Blue, clue, glue. 3. Gray, pray, fray. 4. Yellow, mellow, bellow. 5. Tan, can, fan.

II. CROSS-PUZZLE:

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B L A N C
S L A S H
  S C O R E
  S K E I N
    B O S O N
    D E T E R
      A M P L E
      M A I N E
        S N A R L.—Christmas.
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III. PUZZLE: C-H-A-R-A-D-E; Charade.

IV. CONNECTED TRIANGLES:

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          T H A T
          H A T
      M E A T
      E A T
  F L A T
  L E T
  A T
  T
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V. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Harding.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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